TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of *ORMOND*,

Upon His leaving the Government and Kingdom of *IRELAND*.

HAve we a further Trouble yet in ſtore?
And can our Deſtiny afflict us more?
To loſe our Prince we thought too great a blow,
And muſt we loſe his glorious Image too?
Ireland for more than thrice ſeven years has been
Envy'd without, for being ſo bleſt within;
While Plague, Fire, Famine, War abroad has reign'd,
This only was the ſafe and happy Land.
Which Happineſs, *Great Sir*, to You we owe,
Next to the God above, and God below.
The *Iriſh Harp*, which long abus'd had lain,
Your skilful Hand firſt brought in Tune again.
And when ſome others by our King were ſent
To play upon the Noble Inſtrument,
Such was their Ignorance, or their Errours ſuch,
They prov'd but Foils to your Melodious Touch.
Into Your Hands then, which before it grac'd,
The Noble Inſtrument again was plac'd;
On which, a long, ſoft Tune again You play'd,
When jarring Diſcord did all elſe invade.
And we rejoyc'd to think you wou'd play on——
But Heav'ns and our King's Will muſt ſtill be done:
We ſubmit humbly to that Soveraign Pow'r,
Which can the Bliſs it takes away, reſtore;
More we can't have, nor do we wiſh for more.
Adieu then, much-lov'd Prince——
(With mournful Hearts we make this Pray'r for you)
Greateſt and Beſt of Un-Crown'd Heads, adieu.
And ſince You muſt go hence——
O're you ſhall fly, a ſteddy Gale of Pray'rs,
And under roll an humble Sea of Tears;
All the amends which for Your mighty Toil
Can be return'd by a poor Widdow-Iſle:
Such now, alas! ſhe is, and ne're till now,
That *ORMOND*'s Noble Houſe do's wholly from her go;
Not leaving, to ſupport her fainting Mind,
An *ARRAN*, or an *OSSORY* behind.
May Heav'ns choice Bleſſings on them all attend;
And bring them to a Calm and Glorious End.
Glorious and Calm may all their Paſſage be;
As was the Hour in which they put to Sea.
And landed; whereſoe're her *ORMOND* goes,
May *England* doat on him, as *Ireland* does.
To whoſe Great King, due Homage having done,
His Councils Honour'd, and ſecur'd his Throne;
Let Him Return His VICEROY here agen:
May Heav'ns and *England*'s Monarch ſay, *Amen*.

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